

THE ULTIMATE IN SPINE-TINGLING TERROR!

NIGHTMARE

NO. 9
OCT
1973
60c

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A SEYDAS PUBLICATION

FEAR-FEATUREING:
THE
**SKULL-FOREST
OF
OLD
EARTH!**

THE
**GARGOYLE
TRILOGY!**
AND
NIGHT
IN THE
**WAX
MUSEUM!**



ISRAEL WALDMAN - PUBLISHER
ALAN HEWETSON - EDITOR
HERSCHEL WALDMAN - BUSINESS
MANAGER

OCTOBER 1972

NUMBER 9

NIGHTMARE

...THE MAD-EMOTIONS WITHIN
US TAUNT AND HORRIBLY
TEASE OUR SAD, SLITHERING
SOULS... SEND US REELING
INTO WILDBERDMS OF
ESSENTIAL ARCHAIC HORRORS
THOUGHT LONG BURIED
IN GRAVES UNFORGETTABLE
LUNACY- SPAWNED...

...THIS IS THE
LUNATIC ISSUE

...THE NIGHTMARE
NUMBER WHERE WORDS
TO DEFINE RHYME
AND REASON ARE THROWN
TO THE SHRIEKING
WINDS... FOR WE ARE
STARTING TO GET
INTO THE

HORROR-MOOD

THESE ARE THE THINGS
THAT AWAIT UNDER A
COVER OF HORRID
UN-NAMED OLD EARTH
ATROCITIES... BY
ARTIST MIRALLES...

4... LET US CREEP BACK A
CENTURY INTO A GAMBIT
OF HAUNTING INNARDS
IN **MARKHEIM...**

11... NOKIUS NIGHT BECOMES
AS DREADFUL DAY IN THIS
FEARFUL LEER INTO THE
"NIGHTMARE WORLD...
CALL THEM GHOULS...
TROLL... CALL THEM...
...THINGS..."

16 AND 17... A TWO-PAGE
COLLECTION OF ODD
OTHER THINGS... **ZOO FOR
THE BEASTS OF THE
UNIVERSE...**

20... THE COVER FLIGHT
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THE SKULL FOREST OF
OLD EARTH...

28... NIGHTMARE MOVIE
REVIEW FEATURES
VINCENT PRICE IN AN EPIC
OF BONE-BREAKING, BRAIN-
HURTING JOY...

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HEREIN TO PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM
WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA.

32... CELEBRATE THE
300TH BIRTHDAY PARTY
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WHO REFUSED TO DIE...

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THE GARGOYLE TRILOGY...

49... **THE NIGHT IN THE
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IS A NIGHT IN THE
GUTTERS OF A
WAY-GLUTTED MIND...

58... THE WRETCHES ALL
MUST DIE... EVEN THE
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...
BEFORE THEY LEARN
WHO IS... **THE
WEREWOLF WITHIN...**

BACK COVER... **THE THING
IN THE ALLEY...** BUT THAT'S
WHERE THE HORRORS OF THIS
ALL END... AND WHY ARE WE
NOW CONCERNED WITH AN
END WHEN WE'RE JUST
STARTING TO **BEGIN...**

... TEE HEE...
C'MON... C'MON...
HEH HEH HEH HEH
... THESE ARE THE
CRAFTY CONTENT'S
PAGES WHERE WEIRD
BLURBS ARE PRESENTED
TO BURST YOUR EVERY
BUBBLE OF BRAIN-
CONCOCTED SANITY.

... HEH HEH HEH HEH...
WHERE YOUR MIND-PEBBLES
BEGIN TO CURDLE... WHERE
WORDS FLOAT AROUND DUMPING
TORRENTS OF HEH HEH
HEH HEH
HAD MUDDY, MANIACAL
EMOTIONS ON YOUR... TEE HEE
HORRIBLE HEAD...

... FOR THIS... TEE HEE...
THIS IS THE HORROR-MOOD.
HA HA HA HA HAH-AHAHAHA
HA HA HA HAH AHA HAH-AHAH...

... A SINGULAR UNCERTAIN CHOICE
EXPERIENCE **Few** MEN OF LUNATIC
LOGIC WOULD DARE... HEH HEH...
DARE EXPLAIN... WHICH PERHAPS
EXPLAINS WHY... TEE HEE...

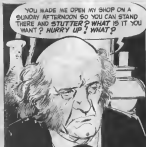
... WHY WE CALL THIS
LAUGHING, LEERING, LURKING
NOXIOUS **NIGHTMARE** NUMBER
THE... HEE HEE HEE
THE LUNATIC ISSUE

... HEH HEH... FOR EVERYTHING
WITHIN IS SURELY, UTTERLY,
DEFINATELY, TERRIBLY...
JUST THAT!
3 HEH HEH TEE HEE

PABLO
MARCO



THINK--Ah--
LET ME THINK NOW--
EXACTLY WHAT
DO I WANT...



YOU MADE ME OPEN MY SHOP ON A
SUNDAY AFTERNOON SO YOU CAN STAND
THERE AND STUTTER? WHAT IS IT YOU
WANT? HURRY UP? WHAT?



I WANT A
GIFT FOR MY
WIFE--BUT I
DON'T KNOW
EXACTLY--
Ah... THERE...



...WHERE?...

--THERE!--
ON THE TOP
SHELF--THE GLASS--
EXCELLENT--



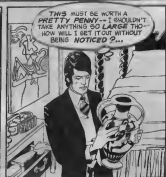
AFTER ALL THAT STUTTERING--
YOU DON'T ABUSE ME SIR--
NOT AT ALL-- AND THIS WOULD
BETTER BE EXACTLY WHAT
YOU REQUIRE...

...OH, IT
IS...

TO TELL A TALE OF PATHOLOGICAL TERROR ONE
MUST HAVE A FIRM GRIP ON HIS SEAT... AND AN EVEN
STRONGER HOLD ON HIS MIND... FOR THIS IS A GOTHIC
CLASSIC THAT HAS BEEN BLOWING MINDS FOR OVER A
CENTURY-- ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S--

MARKHEIM





FIRST A LITTLE TWIST OF THE MIND...

THAT NOISE--
FROM BELOW!

...THE CORPSE--
CAN IT BE... IS
HE STILL
ALIVE?...

THEN A DEFINITE TUG AT THE HEART...

THAT
SCRAPING
SOUND...MY
GOD... IT
MUST BE HIM
... I DIDN'T
KILL HIM...
HE'S STILL
ALIVE...

AND THE PUPPET STRINGS
ARE IN MOTION...

... DEAR
GOD...

HAHAHAHAHA... YOU FEEL IT NOW... FEEL
THE STRING JERKING AND PULLING...

NO... NO... I DIDN'T
MEAN TO... KILL YOU--
I MEAN YOU... I HAD NOTHING
AGAINST YOU... I NEEDED
THE MONEY... IT COULD HAVE
BEEN ANYONE... ANYONE!

NOW THE STRING FOR SWEAT IS PULLED AND
AN AVALANCHE POURS DOWN YOUR FACE...

MY
GOD--DEAR
GOD-- NO
NO-- JESUS
PLEASE--
PLEASE
NO...

...AND ANOTHER
LITTLE TUG AND...

...WHAT?...

IT'S GONE--
WHAT CAN--- MY
IMAGINATION--IT
WAS JUST RUNNING
WILD--I FEEL SO
GUILTY... FEAR
INSIDE ME... THAT'S
ALL--IMAGINATION...

... TUG... TUG... TUG...

... MY GOD...
I STILL HEAR HIS
HEART--

IT'S EXPLODING
IN MY BRAIN--OH
DEAR LUCIFER
PLEASE SAVE
ME... SAVE
ME...

... IT'S THE DOOR--
PUPPET...THE DOOR...

IT'S NOT HIS
HEART-- IT'S
THE DOOR--THE
FRONT DOOR--
I'M DISCOVERED!

THUMPA
THUMPA
THUMPA
THUMMMMPA
THUMMMMPA
BAAAMMMING
BAAAMMMMPA

NOW THE STRINGS
SNARL AND TWIST UP IN
A KNOT...AND YOU'RE
THE KNOT...

MY GOD...
NO...

GO TO THEM MARCHEIM...
YOU'VE NO ALTERNATIVE!

PLEASE
NO...NO...

DOES IT HURT MARCHEIM... NOW THE
STRING'S AROUND YOUR NECK AND
STRETCHING...

NO...
NO...NO...

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
MARCHEIM--FOR MURDER.COME
ALONG NOW...COME ALONG...

WHUUUUUPP!
WHUUUUUPP!

ARE YOU ABOUT READY
TO CRY... JUST ABOUT
READY TO GET DOWN ON
YOUR KNEES....

YOU HEAR IT...AGAIN...THUMMAMPA
THUMMAMPA...IN YOUR
EARS... YOU HEAR IT...

... KILL HIM AGAIN...AGAIN...



THE OLD
MAN--HE'S STILL
ALIVE--HE'S
STRUGGING TO LIVE
AGAIN--I'VE GOT
TO STOP HIM--HE
CAN RUIN ME--
RUN ME...



...HAHAHAHAHAHAHA...

OH DEAR
GOD...

YOU ARE A NEW
DISCIPLE...AS
A NEW DISCIPLE YOU
DESERVE A LITTLE
HELP!

BUT...
BUT
WHY?

... TURN TO MEET YOUR MASTER,
MARKHEIM... THE PUPPET MASTER...

IT'S IN MY MIND
... TWISTING ...
TURNING ME AROUND
... I CAN'T TAKE
IT... CAN'T
TAKE IT...

RUBBISH!

...WHAT...

WHO ARE
YOU...

IRRELEVANT!
NOW MUSTER
YOUR STRENGTH
AND I'LL HELP
YOU OUT OF THIS
PREDICAMENT...



NOW LISTEN TO ME--
THE OLD SHOPKEEPER'S
MAID WILL BE RETURNING
IN A FEW MINUTES...IF
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE
CAUGHT YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU HAVE TO DO?

YOU MUST LURE HER IN
THE DOORWAY--THEN IN
THE SAME MANNER AS
YOU SLAUGHTERED...

OH GOD--
SLAUGHTERED
...DID I
SLAUGHTER?...

LISTEN TO
ME--YOU MUST
KILL HER THE
SAME WAY YOU
KILLED HER
MASTER!

"YES, YES--I'LL KILL HER--
DRIVE THE KNIFE INTO HER SKULL!"
"NO, NO--THAT ISN'T NECESSARY--
TOO BRUTAL--USE HER SCARF..."

77

DO? YES--
I KNOW--
WHAT?

"YES--HER SCARF--
QUICKLY--SILENTLY
--NO BLOOD..."
"EXCELLENT MY
BOY! NOW--TO
YOUR TASK!"

I HAVE ONLY
ONE CHANCE...
JUST ONE...

WHY DOESN'T
SHE COME--
WHY?--WHY?

YOU CONFRONT
THE MAID UPON
THE THRESHOLD.

YOU HAD
BETTER GO FOR
THE POLICE--
I HAVE KILLED
YOUR MASTER!

MY GOD--HERE
SHE IS--THAT'S
HER--OH MY
GOD--WHAT
DO I DO?

THUMPA
THUMPA

AND THEN...SNIP GASP...
THE STRINGS ARE CUT!

THE FIRST SELECTION IN A BRAND NEW
SKYWALK FEATURE WHERE YOU
ARE THE **WRITER**...YOU ARE THE
DREAMER...AS WE TELL THE STORY
OF YOUR **NIGHTMARE WORLD!**

IT IS A BRISK FEBRUARY
MORNING, HARSH WHITE SNOW
DRIFTS **AIMLESSLY** AGAINST THE
HUNTING SHACK, WITHIN WHICH JIM SITS
ALONE CURLED UP BESIDE A ROARING
HEARTH, READING HIS LATEST ISSUES OF
NIGHTMARE AND PSYCHO. HE'D HAD THE
FORESIGHT TO BRING READING MATERIAL WITH
HIM TO PASS THE **TIME**--THERE COULD BE NO
HUNTING **THIS** MORNING--NOT WITH BITING
NORTHERN MINNESOTA WINDS OUTSIDE--**BLOWING,**
TWISTING THE SNARLING SNOW IN THE FIRST
EVIL **STORM** OF THE YEAR! JIM **READS**, HIS
ACTIVE MIND FLICKERING IN SATISFACTION AS
EACH TALE FINISHES! HE **DOZES OFF**, HIS
MIND **STILL** FLICKERING, **STILL** ACTIVE...
AND HE DREAMS...

CALL THEM GHOULS...
TROLLS...CALL THEM...
THINGS...

THE NIGHTMARE WORLD
OF **JAMES EDGAR**
OF JACKSON MISSOURI
AS TOLD TO
HEWETSON AND MARCO'S



"SUDDENLY I WAS WAKENED BY A
LOUD CLATTERING FROM OUTSIDE."

"I RUSHED OUT INTO THE STORM
TO SEE WHAT WAS CAUSING THE
COMMOTION; THE LAUGHTER
AND SONG THAT CUT THROUGH
THE WIND..."

"THE MERRIMENT WAS COMING
FROM A LITTLE CLEARING
ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS
AWAY FROM THE HUNTING
SHACK..."

"I CRIED ALOUD AT THE SIGHT BEFORE ME. 4 OR 5
GHOULS... TROLLS... CALL THEM THINGS... WHATEVER...
WE'RE HAVING SOME KIND OF MAD PARTY WITH
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN THAT LOOKED MUCH LIKE...
AMAZONS..."

--MY
GOD--

"AS SOON AS THEY SAW ME THEY
STOPPED AND RAN TOWARDS ME...
WITHOUT A WORD THEY PICKED
ME UP BOOPLY AND THREW ME...
AGAINST A TREE, NOT ONLY ONCE,
COUNTLESS TIMES..."

WE HOPE
YOU ENJOYED
YOUR INITIATION
INTO OUR GROUP
AS MUCH AS WE DID
NOW--COME JOIN
IN OUR
PARTY...

BUT IT'S
SO COLD--
I'M FREEZING TO
DEATH-- COME
INSIDE THE SHACK
WITH ME WHERE
IT'S WARM--
WE CAN HAVE A
PARTY THERE...

"WHEN THEY ENTERED
MY SHACK THEY SEEMED
TO DOUBLE IN NUMBER. VERY
QUICKLY THE SINGLE ROOM BECAME
FAR TOO SMALL TO HOLD EVERYBODY..."

"THEN IT STRUCK ME... IT WASN'T
THEM... IT WAS ME... I WAS
GETTING SMALLER..."

"IT SOON BECAME TOO MUCH
FOR THE WALLS OF MY TRY
CABIN TO HANDLE... THEY
LURCHED AND HEAVED AS
IF THEY WERE ABOUT TO
BURST OPEN..."

"AS IF MATTERS WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH... THEY
SEEMED TO GROW BY THE MINUTE... THEY
WERE ALL GETTING LARGER AND LARGER..."

"SUDDENLY THEY DID...
THE THINGS VANISHED...
I WAS SURROUNDED BY
THE ENIGMATIC STORM
AGAIN... THE COLD WAS
HORRIBLE... THE COLD
WAS UNIMAGINABLE..."

"I WOKE UP WITH A HORRID JOLT...
IT HAD ALL BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN A
DREAM... A GROTESQUE NIGHTMARE...
THE DOOR OF THE CABIN HAD BLOWN
OPEN WITH THE FEROCITY OF THE STORM
... BUT I WAS THANKFUL FOR THE
COLD... IT BROUGHT ME QUICKLY BACK
TO REALITY!"

...SO ENDS THE DREAM OF JIM EDGAR! JIM WROTE
TO US THAT SAME DAY TELLING US THE DETAILS OF
HIS NIGHTMARE AND HOPING YOU SKYWALD READERS
WOULD FIND IT AS INTERESTING AS HE DID!

WE'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU... WE'D LIKE TO HEAR
ABOUT YOUR WEIRDEST, WILDEST DREAMS! JUST AS
WE'VE DONE WITH THIS NIGHTMARE WE'LL PRINT
THE BEST DREAM IN STORY FORM EVERY ISSUE... AND
DON'T FORGET TO SEND US ALONG YOUR PICTURE TOO!

WE'LL ALSO PUBLISH THE BEST 'AMATEUR ANALYSIS'
OF EACH NIGHTMARE... AND IF YOUR INTERESTS LEAD US IN
WHAT NIGHTMARE'S REALLY MEAN THEN DROP
US YOUR INTERPRETATION IN THE MAIL... NO LONGER
THAN TWO PARAGRAPHS PLEASE.

SEND ALL YOUR LETTERS TO:
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORP.
18 EAST 41 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
'THE NIGHTMARE WORLD'

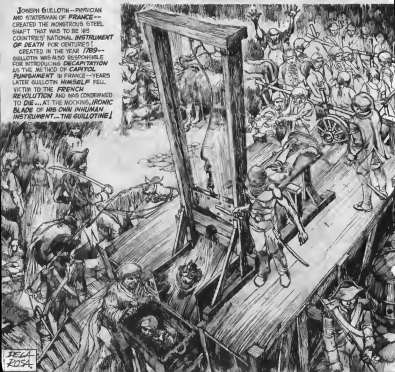


THE GUILLOTINE

... CREATION OF DR. JOSEPH GUILLOTIN.

JOSEPH GUILLOTIN—PHYSICIAN
AND STATESMAN OF FRANCE—
CREATED THE MONSTROUS STEEL
SHAFT THAT WAS TO BE HIS
COUNTRY'S NATIONAL INSTRUMENT
OF DEATH FOR CENTURIES!

CREATED IN THE YEAR 1789—
GUILLOTIN WAS ALSO RESPONSIBLE
FOR INTRODUCING DECAPITATION
AS THE METHOD OF CAPITAL
PUNISHMENT IN FRANCE—YEARS
LATER GUILLOTIN HIMSELF FELL
VICTIM TO THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION AND WAS CONDEMNED
TO DIE... AT THE MOCKING, ORAC
BLADE OF HIS OWN INHUMAN
INSTRUMENT... THE GUILLOTINE!





#1...\$2.00

#2...\$2.00

#1...\$2.00

#2...\$2.00

COME ON INTO THE MAGAZINE OF THE
HORROR-BIKE...MEET BRICK REESE...
CRIME FIGHTER...RADICAL...SUPERHERO...
LEER AND URCH INTO SOUL-SHRIEKING
DELIGHT AS YOU COME TO KNOW THE BEAUTIFUL
BLACK **BUTTERFLY**...SLITHER INTO LUNACY AS
YOU LEARN TO LOVE **THE WILD BUNCH**...COME INTO
THE HORRORS OF YESTERDAY'S CRIME-WARS IN
THE MAGAZINE OF **THUGS, DOLLS, ASSASSINS**..
THESE ARE THE 2 TITLES FROM SKYWALD THAT'LL
TAUNT YOUR BRAIN...

SKYWALD BACK ISSUE DEPT. RM. 1501
18 East 41st. New York, N.Y. 10017

ENCLOSED IS \$.....FOR **HELL-RIDER**
#1 ☐ #2 ☐
CRIME-MACHINE
#1 ☐ #2 ☐

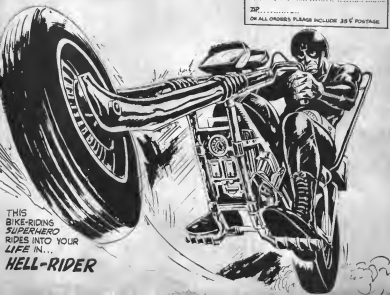
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

ZIP.....

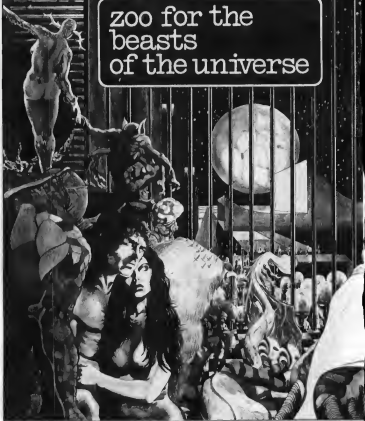
ON ALL ORDERS PLEASE INCLUDE 35¢ POSTAGE



THIS
BIKE-RIDING
SUPERHERO
RIDES INTO YOUR
LIFE IN...
HELL-RIDER

IN THE FOREIGN PLACE OTHERS CALL EARTH, AND HOME, MANY TIMES AND DISTANCES FROM NOW AND HERE, THERE IS A ZOO... IT IS ONLY ONE OF MANY IN THIS PLACE, BUT A SPECIAL ATTRACTION FOR THE CITIZENS OF FELDAL CITY... FOR THEREIN IS A COLLECTION...

zoo for the beasts of the universe





...IT IS A **PROUD COLLECTION** THIS... FOR INTER-SPACE HUNTERS HAVE TAKEN **YEARS** TO GATHER THESE BIZARRE **SAMPLES** FROM ALL THE PLANETS... THE **TOAD-ZAR** FROM **EM**... THE **MANY-ARMED ELY** OF THE **FOREST PLANET**... THE **FLECKED REPTILE** OF **MOR**... THE **WEB FLOPPING** OF **ANTATY**... THE **MAMMAL COUPLE** OF **WORLD**... THEY ARE **ALL** IN THIS ZOO... COLLECTED FROM THE UNIVERSE FOR THE PLEASURE AND BIOLOGICAL REFERENCE OF ANYONE WITH A **TON** IN HIS POCKET FOR **ADMISSION**...



BUT THIS IS A **SPECIAL DAY** IN THE ZOO... FOR THEY HAVE ACQUIRED TWO NEW BEASTS... SEE THEM? ...COWERING IN THE **RIGHT** CORNER OF THE CAGE... THE **TROLLS** OF **V-OID**... UGLY TWO HEADED THINGS WITH **MANY** LITTLE LEGS LIKE A **COMMON CENTIPEDE**... A **SPECIAL** ADDITION... MAKE THE **TOAD-ZAR**, THE **ELY**, THE **MAMMAL COUPLE** AND THE **WEB FLOPPING** SEEM... SEEN **WITNESS** AND **BOWING** BY COMPARISON...
MEWETSON AND CINTRON ...ALMOST...

**Lunatic Letters and Noxious Nightmare News
Designed to Seep
into Your Shock-wrought Weird Brain...**

The most surprising element in the NICH THAIR effort is the time of day you open your letters . . . how did I care who you are, how you say it, or what WHY . . . when we read your letter tonight we are getting on to your music, finding out what you think and what you do on this issue you may want . . . "you know" about our tale regular departments and pages . . . this is the result of YOUR comments and suggestions . . . YOUR beautiful imagination! There will be many MORE changes in format and presentation in the next few issues . . . all leading towards the efforts in unprecedented horror-graphic stories, the the vibrant, distinct, artistic, updated, altered, vibrant, not just here . . .

HORROR-MOOD



Let it sweep into you
bored and warm and moist and
misty. Let it nibble the
brain-puddles - fall into your
yawns, grinding gut - let it
CRAWL and SLITHER into
your *shame* - Let it
BLED, collapse you, estab-
lish your MOOD, metamorphose
your folds brought fantasy
world.

... The Machine Corporation is
KAKE KAKEE KAKEE
KAKEE in its 1923 beautiful
black, custom-built, motor
oil, motor type-machine all
night long, but after dark
has ... and when the bats
return some more we keep on
pounding the boys more we
won't be killed ...
... not by a LITHE LONG
GART.

[illegible]

remember the period leading to "BLIND FATE" by emotionally-disturbed ED PEDGORY is the *PSYCHO ANIMALS*. The last part of someone ED's tale looks like contains a bunch of *LOOTS* which many of you rightfully mistook for *BRATTLE*... seriously needing to know what the first last unconscious thoughts of the namesake had says were, we actually wanted to know the translation: *AND IT'S PRODUCING THEM IN THE DRIVE OF A FUTURE ACQUA*... ohhkk it is, if you get that's the only way it goes.

... and while on the corner of that same block, the PSYCHO ANALYST, many of you might have noticed the HEAR sign of the unfortunate man that part of the regular condensed story line. Actually it WAS, somebody last recent to tell the HEAR

where standbys into archaic abstractions, a world's confusion in the upcoming PSYCHO 10 (HEAP moved PSYCHO #8-9 due to personal PABLO MARCOS being out of the country for a few weeks . . . he was on the SUN doing art research for a very hot, diagnostically drawing about the POON . . . when just about to go you hear WAY OUT! [sympathetic PABLO can get somewhat] The HEAP will continue to be featured in all future PSYCHO issues.

...NLP will anybody with a solution to this heart-rendering problem: please drop us a line or two: **Bonus** our own Nerve lead news-manager **Bonnie HERSCHEL WALDMAN's** new solo-CELL, which is in the middle of the night to hear her husband **HERSCHEL** screaming: **"THE STAKE ... UHHH ... IT'S KILLING ME ... PULL IT OUT OF MY HEART ..."** which is a problem we wouldn't wish on **ANY** nerve! ... *which we can't*



During DOUG MORICH, at the end of this writing, is leaving out his plan to produce **THE AND RUN, MISS AND DIE**... a horror book at his native Chicago in the days when the editors took a bookend role as **HORROR** took the wheel... took it and ATE IT!... **Blasphemy**... messages are passing in to the **ADAM** **MAAF** office as a result of the **FALSA** volume in **WINTER** at... **AUGUSTINE FUNKEL** of **Bohemia**, Ontario went in to **THE STORE**, while we re-

ceived some fine art samples from **RONN BUTTON** and **THE SURVIVAL** by **JOSEPH CARRERA** at **Chicago**, Illinois. From **CHRIS LANEY** at **Lakewood**, New Jersey we decided over an excellent new visit at **BORIS SARLOFF** being made up as the immortal **FRANKENSTEIN**, and from **RON FORTIER** of **Boston**, New Hampshire, an excellent script for **Land** re-scripted **DAVID** and **RANCY** **MURPHY** and **THE BE-TRAYED**. **NAMFRO**

ORIFFENSTEIN at **Detroit**, Michigan passed from editor to **AN EYE FOR AN EYE** and **AT SAY**, and **BRYAN GLENBROOK** at **Richmond**, California produced **BOUNTY HUNTER** and **DEFILED OF THE TOMB**. **JOE LEB** at **Lansing**, Michigan passed **THE MIND TRIGGER** while **THE SIDERS** and **HANDS OF DEATH** come in from **Genessa**, New York by **JAMES CRAMOND**, and **THREE OF A KIND** arrived from **Carole**, Georgia =

personally put it together as **WAYNE FORK**. The re-ceived, we received many hundreds of pieces, each and every one of which is being carefully considered for publication... we'll let you know what we select and when and where they'll appear... In the meantime let us say we're overwhelmed by your responses and look forward to much as you do to seeing your material in print...

... Many fans have sent in their ratings on each issue as it appears = thank, therefore for their continued in planning future issues goes out to **218 BOGGS** of **St. Paul**, Minnesota, **ERIK** **EARL SPORN** of **Manchester College**, Indiana, **LUBELLA ORSHCHENKO** of **Hyde Park**, Massachusetts, and **DAVE COOPER**, **PATTY LACEY**, **JEFF AMERINGER**, **ROGER HAKENITZ**, **WALTER JASCHKE**, **JOHN CARBONIA**, **RICHARD STOOKER**, **CHUCK HAKENITZ**, **ERIC KOVACS**, **ERIC BEARLUMMAN**, and especially to **ALAN BOGGS** of **Florida** who unobtrusively sends us in welcome comments on every single issue of our snuffed cough of horror tales...

... and finally... thanks to fan-favorite **ROYVABLES HOWDYELLIVAK** for something like that your response is kinds hard to read (hah), for his kind comments about some character called **VAMPIRELLA**... real around **ROYVABLES**, your letter has been forwarded to the proper place **WARRABEN PUBLICA TIONS**

it's been a real no people, the **HORROR MOOD** is on its way

r.i.p.

ON HIS LAST DAY AS EDITOR/PUBLISHER OF THE SKYWALK CORPORATION SOL BRODSKY GRINNED WIDELY PROPPED HIS FEET UP ON HIS DESK AND LEANED BACK IN THE EXECUTIVE CHAIR HE HAD OCCUPIED THESE LAST FEW YEARS. IT WAS A WELL EARNED REST FOR SOL WHO WE'VE NEVER KNOWN TO RELAX BEFORE. ALWAYS ENERGETIC, SUSTAINING MR. S.B. IS NOW GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH HIS NEW AND EXCITING POSITION WITH THE NON-PROFIT MALIBU CUMEC GROUP. WHERE HE WISH HIM THE VERY BEST.

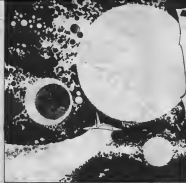


NIGHTMARE MOVIE REVIEW

WILL SURELY IMplode YOUR BRAIN AS WE PREVIEW...

FROGS





THERE WAS A TIME ON THIS EARTH, BEFORE HUMAN-HUMAN WALKED ITS SURFACE - MEN SUCH AS US, UPRIGHT, CIVILIZED MEN - MEN CRAWLING THINGS ANCIENT EVEN IN THEIR OWN TIME RULED AND DOMINATED THIS GREY EARTH. AS TESTIMONY TO THEIR EXISTENCE THE FOUL PLACE CALLED THE NAMELESS CITY NEAR THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS IN ANTARCTICA HAS BEEN VISITED BY MEN IN OUR OWN AGE, AND EVEN SO, IT IS WELL RECORDED IN THE DISBURSTING RECORDS OF THE MAD ARAB MEDAL ALHAZRED, CALLED THE NECRONOMICON - A HORRIBLE CHRONICLE DETAILING BLACK EVENTS BEFORE HUMAN-BEINGS CAME TO BE.



THERE WAS A TIME IN THAT ETERNITY AGO WHEN A TRIBE FROM THE PLANET URANUS CAME TO COLONIZE EARTH. THESE MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN, UNSURPRISINGLY, WERE MUCH THE SAME MANNER OF HUMAN - CREATURE AS WE ARE TODAY... AND FOR THEM TO MEET THE SUB-CIVILIZED EMBODIMENTS WAS A TRIAL THEY WERE HARDLY PREPARED FOR IN THIS WILD SETTLEMENT, NEAR WHAT WE NOW CALL THE BLACK FOREST IN SOUTHERN GERMANY. IN THIS TIME IT WENT BY ANOTHER NAME... WITH WHICH WE START OUR TALE...

THE SKULL FOREST OF EARTH!



...CONTINUING THE
LONGCRAFT
CYCLOPS MYTHOS



IT IS GOOD
TO GET AWAY
FROM OUR ROTTING
DYING URANUS...
THIS LAND IS SO
FERTILE...
...UNTOUCHED!

YES... SO I
THOUGHT... UNTIL
THIS MORNING... WHEN
I FOUND EVIDENCE
THAT...
-- THAT WE ARE
NOT ALONE
ON THIS
EARTH!



NOT ALONE!

...REED...WHAT DO YOU MEAN...THIS PLANET WAS MONITORED FOR OVER A YEAR BEFORE COLONIZATION PLANS WERE TAKEN SERIOUSLY...

THERE WAS NO INDICATION OF ANY LIFE AT ALL...

EVEN DO CELIA...

...I FOUND EVIDENCE



EVIDENCE...WHAT KIND OF EVIDENCE... I'VE SEEN NOTHING...

I WAS WONDERING IN THE POWEST TODAY...I FOUND STRANGE CUTTING-TOOLS...HERE...I HAVE ONE WITH ME...

...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ME THIS WASN'T CREATED BY A MIND THAT CAN THINK...

...AS WELL AS OURS!



ROSALIE IS GONE...

...MY WIFE... MY WIFE IS VANISHED!

I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHERE... MY GOD NOW WOULD I KNOW?...

...I THOUGHT SHE WAS MINDING OUR CHILD... BUT WHEN I WENT TO SEE HER SHE WAS GONE...

HOLD ON THERE JIM...WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHE'S... GONE... NOW?... WHERE?



SHE'S NOT HERE... MY GOD... SHE'S GONE!

GET ALL THE MEN TOGETHER REED... WE'LL ORGANIZE A SEARCH PARTY...



SHE WOULDN'T DO IT UNLESS SOMETHING WAS WRONG... SHE'S IN DANGER SOMEHOW...

SHE MAY JUST BE AT THE WELL...

AND THEN AGAIN REED... IF WHAT YOU FOUND TODAY WAS AS RESEMBLE, AS YOU THINK IT IS... SHE MAY NOT!



OH GOD...
...IS... IS
THAT HER?

OUR WEDDING
CHAIN... AROUND
HER NECK... IT
MUST BE HER...

MY ROSALIE... WHAT
HAVE THEY DONE
TO YOU?

...WHAT
WRETCHED
THINGS CAN DO
SUCH A THING TO
MY BEAUTIFUL
WIFE...

...SWEET... GOD...
ALMIGHTY... DEAR
ROSALIE... YOU'VE
BEEN EATEN
ALIVE!

WHATEVER UNKNOWN SPAWN CAN ADMIT FOUL
RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS ATROCITY COULD HARDLY KNOW
THAT THESE TORMENTED BEINGS THAT NOW ACT AS
PALLBEARERS TO THE SAD REMAINS OF THEIR BELOVED...
ARE MEN... AND WOMEN... WITH MINDS THAT CAN
REASON OUT A DEFINITION FOR HUMANITY...
...HOWEVER HOW CRUDE OR SUBJECTIVE THAT
DEFINITION IS... IT IS DECIDEDLY MUCH MORE REDEEMING
THAT THE SOUL-BUTTED BRAND OF HUMANITY OF
THE MURDERERS...



WE MUST HUNT
THEM OUT... THE
THINGS THAT DID THIS TO
MY WIFE... WE MUST
HUNT THEM AND
KILL THEM...

NO... WE MUST THINK
THIS OUT FIRST... WE
DON'T KNOW WHAT
WE'RE UP AGAINST...



HOW CAN YOU
BUY THAT? HOW
CAN YOU EVEN
THINK
THAT... FOR ONE
SECOND...

...MY WIFE...
THEY'VE
EATEN MY
WIFE... GOD,
MAN... WHERE IS
YOUR SENSE OF
REASON
GONE...

...THEY
MUST BE
HUNTED OUT...
KILLED EVEN
AS THE
CANNIBALS HAVE
KILLED MY
WIFE...

JIM IS
RIGHT... OF
COURSE HE'S
RIGHT...

...WE DON'T
KNOW WHAT
WE'RE UP
AGAINST...
BUT WE'VE
GOT TO TRACK
THEM DOWN...
BEFORE...



REED... HE'S
GONE... OUR CHILD
HAS GONE... HE
MUST HAVE
WANDERED OFF...



WANDERED OFF?
BUT CELIA...DON'T
YOU REALIZE...

...THE SAME THING
MIGHT HAPPEN...AS HAS
HAPPENED TO...MY
WIFE...

DON'T EVEN
THINK THAT...
DON'T EVEN THINK
IT...

...FOR SUCH
A THING TO
HAPPEN TO A
CHILD...



WHAT IN
HEAVEN'S
NAME IS
THAT?...

I DON'T KNOW
MY FRIEND...SOME
SORT OF
SETTLEMENT...

...THOSE BIZARRE
BUILDINGS...THE
CONSTRUCTION IS SO
WEIRD...
INHUMAN...

INHUMAN
PERHAPS...

...BUT WITH A
SIGN OF
INTELLIGENCE...



THEY LOOK
HARMLESS...
SOME KIND OF
ANIMAL...

...THE MURDERERS
CAN'T BE THESE
CREATURES...THEY
LOOK SO PATHETIC
AND INNOCENT...

BE
CAREFUL...



LOOK AT THESE
PAINTINGS...THE
COLORS MAY BE BACK
AND PALLID...

...BUT LOOK WHAT
THEY PORTRAY...
RACES UNKNOWN TO
EVEN OUR
IMAGINATIONS...


THESE TOOLS
...MORE OF THE
SAME KIND OF
TOOLS REED
FOUND IN THE
FOREST...

...AND BOWLS
AND PLATES TO
CARRY FOOD...



THEY'RE
TIED UP...LIKE
SOME SORT OF
POSSESSION...
WHAT LIVING THING
WOULD HAVE
ANOTHER TIED
UP...

GOOD LORD...
DON'T YOU REALIZE
...IF THIS VILLAGE
IS DESERTED
THE THINGS MUST
BE ELSE...
ELSEWHERE...



AND THEN THEY START TO RUN...
RUN AS NO MEN HAVE EVER RUN
BEFORE...THRU THE FOREST...
BACK TO THEIR WOMEN...

WHAT ARE THEY? THEY ARE THE SPAWN OF CTHULU...
THE ANCIENT ONES... WHO HAVE MINDS THAT CAN REASON...
AND ACT... BUT UNLIKE THE MINDS OF MEN THEY NEED NO
CONSCIENCE OR JUSTIFICATION FOR THEIR ACTIONS...NO MORALITY...
ALHAZRED HAS TOLD US... OF TWO OBSCURE SKULL
FOREST WHERE THEY ONCE HAD A VILLAGE CALLED LUMU-THAT
...AND OF THE ANCIENT ONES' PETS... THE APES AND MONKEYS
FROM WHICH MAN WAS FINALLY BRED...

...AND OF THESE GHOSSOTHIS THE VILE NECRONOMICON ALSO
TELLS US THAT THEY KNOW ONLY DEPRAVITY... THAT THEIR HEARTS
OF PRIMAL JELLY KNOW ONLY KILLING AND MAIMING AND
THAT THEIR STOMACHS ARE FOREVER YAWNING FOR FOOD...





AAAAAHHHHH!



SAVE YOURSELVES...
NEVER MIND ME...

... SAVE
YOURSELVES...

MY EYES...
TEARING OUT MY
EYES...

MEASURABLE

WHEN BRAVE MEN
FIGHT TO SAVE
THEIR WOMEN
AND CHILDREN...
AND THEIR OWN
LIVES... THEY SAY
NOTHING...
... THEY ONLY
SHRIEK...



WHEN THEY DIE THEY DO SO QUICKLY AND
HONORABLY... AS MEN DO FROM TIME TO TIME...
BUT WITHOUT A WORD...
... FOR TO SPEAK TO THE ORIGINAL, THE ETERNAL, THE
UNDYING... IS TO SPEAK TO THE WIND AND RAIN...
AND EVEN SO... THERE IS A BETTER CHANGE OF THE
WIND AND THE RAIN HEARING... THAN THESE MOTTLED
SHOGGOTHS WHOSE LIZARD-BRAINS DO NOT CARE
TO EVEN LISTEN...



WE GO TO FIND
THE CHILD...
REMEMBER THE
CHILD? THE ONE
WHO WAS LOST?
HE'S BEEN
FOUND...

WE LEAVE
THIS SCENE
NOW... THERE
IS LITTLE
POINT IN
US STAYING
TO WATCH
ONLY
DEATH...



BY THE APES AND MONKEYS OF THE
FOREST WHO PLAY INNOCENTLY
MOST THE ROTTEN SKULLS OF THE
DECAYING HUMANS...



...AND FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THIS EARTH MAN MEETS MONKEY...
... ARE YOU NOW BEGINNING TO SEE SOMETHING IN THIS
MEETING?

THE ORIGIN OF MAN HAS LONG BEEN A QUESTION...
IT IS SAID HE CAME FROM MONKEYS... BUT AT ONE POINT
IN HISTORY THERE WAS A CHANGE IN THE MONKEY... HE
SUDDENLY DEVELOPED A MIND THAT COULD REASON...
...PERHAPS NOW, MAN NEED WONDER OVER THIS MYSTERY
NO MORE...





WHAT DOES YOUR BEDROOM LOOK LIKE? OR YOUR LIVING ROOM, OR DEN OR WHATEVER... IS IT DEVOID OF THE MAD-EMOTIONAL **HORROR-MOOD?** IT'S A **SHAME**... BECAUSE FOR A MERE **FRACTION** OF THE CHANGE YOU NOW HAVE IN YOUR POCKET YOU CAN DECORATE (AND **DESECRATE**) EVERY ROOM IN YOUR HOUSE WITH THESE **ARCHAIC POSTERS** FROM HOLLYWOOD'S YESTER-YEARS...

THE ORIGINAL LUGOSI **DRACULA** AND KARLOFF **FRANKENSTEIN** THEATER POSTERS CAN NOW BE **YOURS...** FOR ONLY \$1.50 APIECE (PLUS 50¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING) THE GUY IN OUR MAIL ROOM (OR THE GAL IN OUR FEMALE ROOM) WILL SHIP THESE MAJESTIC MEMORY MOMENTS TO YOU (21" x 29" IN FULL COLOR) IN A **CARDBOARD TUBE**...

...THE **TUBE** IS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS THE **POSTERS**...

SKYWALD POSTERS Rm 1501
18 EAST 41 ST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

ENCLOSED IS \$..... FOR

FRANKENSTEIN

☐ **DRACULA**



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

ZIP.....

MANIACAL MOVIE POSTERS

THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES



VINCENT PRICE has always been diabolical and deadly — in this, his one hundredth film to shiver pulsing breasts and curdle the nerve pebbles, he is more creatively EVIL-AWFUL than ever... for his fearful fit of abstract riven concocts the bizarre deaths of many victims... who are slowly — ritualistically SLAUGHTERED... Dr. Dumwoody is found shredded to death by bloody bats; Dr. Dungeaves is given a frog's head mask at a costume party which crushes his head; Dr. Longstreet (TERRY THOMAS) is drained of all life-blood; Nurse Allen is found in her bed, strangled fleshless by a bunch of locusts; Dr. Kitjag falls screaming to his death when he is attacked by rabid rats; Dr. Hedgepath is frozen to death by a mechanical deep freeze machine; and Dr. Whitcomb is horrible nailed to a door by the grotesque horn of a brass unicorn!

A delightful film to complement the horror-mead; one in which Dr. Phibes, as played by veteran VINCENT PRICE, and his 'associate'... Valsesia, portrayed by screen siren newcomer vengeful VIRGINIA NORTH, denounce the medical profession with a CURSE which promises the death of ten men, Dr. Valsesia (JOSEPH COTTON), is the tenth, and is lured to Phibes' den of gore by the kidnapping of his only son, whom he finds strapped and locked 'neath dripping acid. Price is excellently costumed and masked for most of the film, but in an unmasking scene which literally took the audience's breath in the theater where we viewed this exceptional American international production, a vile, fractured skull emerges from the Phibes' fete-face... a face gutted of any shred of sanity...

... in a film we recommend... for, simply, it is VINCENT PRICE at his finest — and at his finest, Price is a stalwart promoter of the essential horror...



There are TWO SIDES
to DR. PHIBES
- both of them
EVIL!



An open coffin...
An empty grave...and
nine doomed
men!

VINCENT PRICE
JOSEPH COTTEN

THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES



with **HUGH GRIFFITH** and **TERRY-THOMAS**

JAMES WHITON and WILLIAM GOLDSTEIN - LOUIS M. HEYWARD and RONALD S. DUNAS

Produced by SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and JAMES H. NICHOLSON - with ROBERT FURST

GP Color by Technicolor **COLOR**

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL





DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE

... THE WOMAN... 'Sister Hyde' — is portrayed as the ultimate evil, the inner man who when transformed lusts after certain abominable, abnormal cravings all involving horror for the pure pleasure of horror... **DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE** is a film dedicated to the premise of Robert Louis Stevenson's inner-other alter-ego, and on the screen shocks the viewer into near-ecstasy by suggesting exactly WHAT break form the alter ego might take.

Jekyll's experiments with an 'elixir of life' causes his unusual-usual transformation with a weird twist — for his inner-alternative personality evolves into a tall, dark, astonishingly beautiful woman — **MARTINE BESWICK**... whose performance as Sister Hyde is the highlight of this British HAMMER Production released in the United States and Canada by **AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL**.

Miss Beswick is a wonderful murderer, slicing through a man's shoulder blade with a kitchen knife while the astonished victim ravished her stark, dark inviting lips.

RALPH BATES as Jekyll does not really enjoy our sympathy at all; as the inventor - genius of this mad potion he's portrayed as an innocent who is too weak to maintain his identity — consistently losing face in an astounding number of changes to his woman-within. Bates executed fine transformation scenes, and overall his performance was durable, exacting and, in the horror-vein exciting and complementary to a fine screenplay by Brian Clemens directed by Roy Ward Baker. Bates we like and look forward to future productions. Miss Beswick we like, and hope to see again in equally prominent roles as a sinister woman-macabre on the horror screen, sending the blood seething through our choking, fatid horror-moods...

...for her performance as an extra-ordinary evil entity of lust makes **DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE** a worthwhile film to be appreciated more than once...

...we hope the double-bill of reviews featured in this issue meets with your approval... **NIGHTMARE** promises to review **ONLY** films we've seen and **ENJOYED**... the key word that is the essence of the horror-mood premises...

...and before we probably forget — why not fear-ful our DWN adaptation of the Jekyll and Hyde classic, currently featured in the **NIGHTMARE ANNUAL**...



This film
is filled
with...

SHOCK

VICTIM AFTER VICTIM DIES HORRIBLY IN THROAT-CUTTING ORDER

AFTER SHOCK

UNNATURAL LABORATORY EXPERIMENTS
PERFORMED BEHIND BARRED DOORS!

AFTER SHOCK

...ONCE AGAIN
HE WILL CHANGE SEXES
AND KILL, KILL, KILL!

WARNING!
THE SEXUAL TRANSFORMATION
OF A MAN INTO A WOMAN
WILL ACTUALLY TAKE PLACE
BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE

PG PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
-COLOR-

AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PRESENTATION

RALPH BATES

MARTINE BESWICK

GERALD SIM

LEWIS FANDER

31

THE MEDICAL ARTS ARE A SCIENCE OF MAN THAT YEARNS TO KNOW **MORE AND MORE**... FOR EVERY CRISP MOMENT OF LIFE IS PRECIOUS TO **MOST MEN** WHO AGREE THAT **MUCH** HAS YET TO BE KNOWN... SCIENCE IS A **SLOW PROCESS**... PERHAPS IT NEEDS A **HELPING HAND** FROM THE **MACABRE ARTS OF MAN**...
AS IN...

The 300th BIRTH DAY PARTY!

AND THEN AGAIN... PERHAPS IT DOESN'T...



IT'S SUCH A CRIME ISN'T IT DEAR... TO BE SCARED SO YOUNG...

...IT'S NOT SO UNFAIR TO ME AS IT IS TO YOU...

I HATED YOUR FACE EVEN BEFORE THE ACCIDENT YOU MORON...

YOU'RE ALL I EVER THINK OF CECILIE... YOU'RE MY WHOLE LIFE...

OH SHUT THE DRIVE! OFF, YOU MORON...

DON'T BE SULLY WALTER... I LOVE YOU... IN EVERY WAY...

I'LL NEVER BE DEMANDING... YOU KNOW... YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

HOLD YOUR STOMACH IN GIRL... THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE... THINK OF MY MONEY... ALL HIS BEAUTIFUL, WONDERFUL MONEY...

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALK...



MY SWEET WIFE-- HOW YOU CAN STILL LOVE ME AFTER...

...AFTER THIS...

BUT I DO MY LOVE... I WILL LOVE YOU AS I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU...

...AND THAT WAS NEVER YOU CREEP...

I ALWAYS HATED YOU... ALWAYS! IF YOU THOUGHT AS INTELLIGENTLY OF ME AS YOU DO OF YOUR BUSINESS YOU'D REALIZE...

...YES WALTER BEERCE... YOU HAVE A BRILLIANT MIND FOR BUSINESS... BUT IT'S HUMID WHEN IT COMES TO ME!



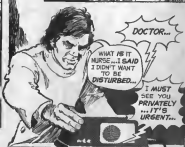
WE'LL HAVE
TO **BREAK**
OFF OUR
RELATIONSHIP
CECILE...

BECAUSE YOUR
HUSBAND WALTER
IS NO **FOOL**...**IS**
WHY!... WHAT
WOMAN VISITS
HER **DOCTOR**
THREE TIMES A
WEEK...

BUT WHY...
I SEE NO
REASON...



HE'LL NEVER
GUESS... I HAVE
HIM WRAPPED
AROUND MY LITTLE
FINGER...
HE'S A **FOOL**...



DOCTOR...

WHAT IS IT
MURSE... I SAID
I DIDN'T WANT
TO BE
DISTURBED...

I MUST
SEE YOU
PRIVATELY
...IT'S
URGENT...



WHAT IS IT?... I
WAS CONDUCTING AN
IMPORTANT EXAMINATION
WITH MRS. BIERCE...

I'M NOT
SURPRISED...

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN BY
THAT?



I MEAN I THINK YOU'LL
CONFIRM CERTAIN
SUSPICIONS ABOUT
THIS BIERCE WOMAN WHEN
YOU READ HER **MEDICAL**
REPORT... IT JUST
CAME IN...

...REPORT... ON
YES... IT WAS
ONLY ROUTINE
I...

...GOOD
LORD...



CANCER!

WITH LUCK CECILE...
WITH LUCK YOU HAVE
SIX MONTHS...
I'M AFRAID...IT'S
MALIGNANT...

BUT THERE
MUST BE A CURE
THAT MONEY
CAN BUY
DOCTOR...

NO SIR... RICH
MAN OR POOR...
WE HAVE NO CURE
YET...

...I'M SORRY TO
HAVE TO SAY...
...YOUR MONEY IS
USELESS HERE
MR. BIERCE...

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE WOMAN IS
RED-BIDDEN... BUT HER LOVING
HUSBAND STILL SEARCHES FOR
AND ANSWER...

CECILE... I
FOUND A SPECIAL
CLINIC THAT...

SOMEDAY?
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?

NO... NO IT...
IT'S NOT THAT KIND
OF A CLINIC... BUT
IT CAN GIVE YOU A
NEW LIFE
SOMEDAY...

THAT CAN
CURE ME
WALTER?

THERE IS NO CURE
FOR CANCER TODAY...
BUT SOME DAY TOMORROW
THERE WILL BE... THEY CAN
FREEZE YOU... KEEP YOUR
BODY IN SUSPENDED
ANIMATION... UNTIL THE
DAY WHEN THEY HAVE A
CURE...

...THEN THEY CAN
OPERATE... SAVE YOU...
BRING YOU
BACK TO LIFE...

IT WILL COST A
FORTUNE... BUT
FOR YOU MY LOVE...
I CANNOT SAVE
A DIME KNOWING
THERE IS SOME
HOPE...

NOW ONLY NEEDS
LATER... WE
SAY GOODBYE
TO THE
PRESENT...

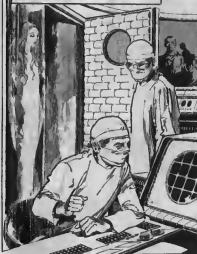
IS IT POSSIBLE?
PERHAPS I MUST DIE...
BUT WALTER'S MONEY CAN
KEEP ME ON ICE UNTIL
THEY FIND A CURE...

...I CAN COME BACK TO LIFE...
WE'LL BE LONG GONE... I CAN BE
FREE... TO LIVE A LIFE OF
LUXURY... WITHOUT THE
GARGOYLE FOR A
HUSBAND...

DEAD! ON LOVE
OF MY LIFE... THERE
IS NOTHING LEFT
WORTH LIVING FOR...
MY LIFE HAS DIED
WITH THIS
WOMAN...

...I AM AS DEAD
AND LIFELESS AS
SHE...

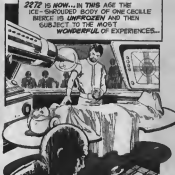
A STRANGE TOMB THIS... TO BE INTERRED
IN SUCH AN UNHOLY GRAVE IS BIZARRE...
ESPECIALLY FOR SUCH A PROUD, BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN AS THIS...



BUT SHE HAS NO MIND NOW... NO MIND
TO KNOW-- TO CARE-- ABOUT THE
DRIFTING THRU TIMELESS SPACE...
ABOUT THE FUTURE THAT THEN
BECOMES NOW...



2272 IS NOW... IN THIS AGE THE
ICE-SHROUDED BODY OF ONE CREATURE
MERCE IS UNFROZEN AND THEN
SUBJECT TO THE MOST
WONDERFUL OF EXPERIENCES...



DID YOU THINK IN THIS DAY AND AGE IT WOULD
BE PERFORMED BY COMPUTER? NO... EVEN IN
THIS DAY THE SKILL OF THE HUMAN SURGEON
IS ONE OF THE FEW MIRACLES OF MAN...

BUT YOU
SHOULD
REST...



SCIENCE HAS
BROUGHT AN END
TO POVERTY... HAS
TAKEN OVER MAN'S
WORK LOAD... THERE
ARE NO MORE WARS...
NO MORE DISEASES...

...WE FINALLY
FOUND THE
CURE... OR THE
CAUSE... A FEW
YEARS AGO...
WE WAITED TILL IT WAS
PERFECTED BEFORE WE
PERFORMED YOUR OPERATION...

WELCOME
WOMAN...

MY GOD...
3 CENTURIES...
WHAT KIND OF WORLD
IS THIS?

...YOU WILL FIND
YOURSELF FEELING
WELL... KNOWING NOT
A MOMENT OF HARDSHIP
TRIALS AND
TRIBULATIONS OVER
THE LAST
3 CENTURIES...

...OH... YOU WILL
EASILY ADJUST...
IT IS NOT REALLY ALL
THAT DIFFERENT
FROM YOURS...

...A FEW MORE
CONVENIENCES...

I WANT
TO SEE
IT!

YOU'RE JOKING
SURELY... REST?...
AFTER 300 YEARS?...
...I WANT TO SEE
THE WORLD...

IT IS NOT SO DIFFERENT
FROM THE ONE YOU LEFT...

AND, OH YES...
SCIENCE HAS ALSO
SOLVED THE PROBLEM
OF AGING MRS.
BIERCE... NO ONE ANY
LONGER DIES... NO
NEED FOR IT...

WE SOLVED THAT
LITTLE MEDICAL
PROBLEM A LONG
TIME AGO... I THINK--
YES, OF COURSE, JUST
A FEW YEARS AFTER
YOUR 'DEATH'...

HELLO
DEAR... MY
LOVE...



MRS. BIERCE...
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

CECILE...
WHAT IS IT?
AREN'T YOU
BETTER?...

THE MACABRE ARTS HAVE TAKEN
OVER, IT MIGHT APPEAR, WHERE
MODERN MEDICINE HAS LEFT OFF...

MR. BIERCE, WHO YOU WILL RECALL,
WAS IN DESPAIR, ON THE VERGE OF
DEATH... HAS BEEN GIVEN A NEW
LEASE ON LIFE... PERHAPS LOOKING
FORWARD TO THE SPECIAL GIFT OF
HIS WIFE'S RETURN TO HIM...
... ON HIS 300TH BIRTHDAY...



#1...\$2



#2...\$2



#3...\$1.50



#5...\$1



#7...\$1



\$ 1.25

NIGHTMARE
10ON SALE
SEPT. 28NIGHTMARE
11ON SALE
NOV. 30

INSIDE **PSYCHO** AND **NIGHTMARE** THERE LURKS A MAD-EMOTIONAL THING THAT GRABS HOLD OF YOUR **ALMIGHTY ANONYMOUS ALL** AND **TWISTS** IT... **SEIZES** IT... POSSESSES YOUR **BRAIN**... BUT... YOU ALREADY **KNOW** THAT DON'T YOU?... THE **FEN SHAKES** IN YOUR HAND... YOUR **MIND TREMBLES**... BUT YOU HAVE TO DO IT **NOW**... MAKE THAT ORDER **NOW**... BECAUSE TOMORROW YOU MAY BE **TOO LATE**... AND YOU WILL SIMPLY SHUDDER AND COLLAPSE INTO **CHAOS**... FOR **NWO** ON THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH CAN **LIVE** WITHOUT THESE!

MIND
IMPLoding

BACK-ISSUES



#2...\$2



#3...\$1.50



#4...\$1.25



#6...\$1



\$ 1.25

PSYCHO
9ON SALE
AUG 31PSYCHO
10ON SALE
OCT 26PSYCHO
11ON SALE
DEC 28

ON ALL ORDERS PLEASE INCLUDE 35¢
TOTAL POSTAGE AND HANDLING

NIGHTMARE 10 20 30 80 90 ANNUAL ☐

PSYCHO 30 30 40 80 ANNUAL ☐

ENCLOSED \$.....

NAME.....

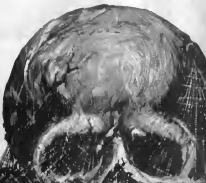
ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

ZIP.....

WE
MAKE YOU **FAIR WARNINGS**
CHRONICLE COLLECTOR THESE FAR-FETCHED
FREAK FRAUGHT FANTASIES ARE SELLING
OUT FAST...KEEP YOUR COLLECTION COMPLETE.
SEND IN YOUR CRUMBLING CASH NOW TO:

SKYWARD BACK-ISSUES RM. 1101
18 EAST 41 ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



THE TIME: 1066 IN RUCHARST, RUMANIA
PRINCE KARL ETEL, FRIEDRICH COMMISSIONS
SCULPTOR WILBUR KHARU, TO CREATE
FOR HIM 3 MONSTROUS GARGOYLES
TO DECORATE HIS PALACE TURRETS



THE OLD SCULPTOR RETURNS TO HIS SMALL VILLAGE IN
THE COUNTRY - A TOWN NAMED DRAGONIA - WHERE
HE WORKS ON THE COMMITMENT OF HIS LIFE...
WORKING MANY LONG HOURS... MANY LONG MONTHS...



and so starts our tales...

the gargoyle trilogy

THE GROTESQUE GARGOYLE

THE 1ST TALE

WHY DO THEY
IGNORE ME --
I AM ONLY A
OLD MAN...
I DO THEM
NO HARM!

THEY TREAT ME
WITH SUCH SCORN
THESE DAYS -- SINCE
I ACCEPTED THE ORDER
OF PRINCE FRIEDRICH
FOR THE GARGOYLES.
BUT WHY?



THE ANSWER TO THAT, OLD MAN, IS *BEHIND YOUR BACK!* WHILE YOU WORK
ON THE MASTERPIECES WITHIN YOUR SMALL NOVEL -- THE TOWN HAS EXPERIENCED
STRANGE FIRES... DISEASES THAT *PLAGUE* THE POPULACE --
DROUGHT AND *FAMINE* THAT STARVE ...

AND PERHAPS
BECAUSE YOU
ARE OLD AND
A LITTLE
STRANGE IN
YOUR CREA-
TIVITY... THE
SUPERSTITIOUS
TOWNSFOLK
OF DRAGONIA
BLAME YOU!



KEWISON AND DELA RUSA

DELA
RUSA

COME OUT OLD
MAN-- COME OUT OR
WE'LL BURN DOWN
YOUR WRETCHED
SHACK!

YOU... YOU
ARE THE CAUSE
OF ALL OUR
TROUBLES-- COME
OUT AND ANSWER
FOR YOURSELF!



INSIDE THE TINY HOUSE THE SCULPTOR
DOES NOT HEAR HIS PERSECUTORS...

DEAR GOD--
CAN'T STOP...
WORKING... SOME
HAD FORCE OUT-
SIDE OF ME
DRIVING
ME ONWARD...

...THE VILLAGERS
MUST BE RIGHT--
THERE IS SOME-
THING BEWITCHED
ABOUT THESE
MONSTERS! I
DO NOT CREATE
THEM-- THEY ONLY
USE ME... AS AN
INSTRUMENT!



IT'S OBVIOUS HE ISN'T
COMING OUT-- HE WAS
WARNED... WE'LL BURN
THE PLACE
TO THE GROUND...

THE TORCH-- IT'S
NOT TAKING... THE
HOUSE IS PROTECTED
MY MAGIC...



NONSENSE
STORM
THE DOOR...

IT'S AS SOLID AS
PURE MARBLE--
NOTHING ON THIS
EARTH WILL GET
THRU THAT DOOR...

...BUT NEITHER
WILL ANYTHING
GET OUT! WE
CAN'T GET IN--
WE'LL WAIT...
TILL HE'S READY
TO COME
OUT!



IT WON'T BE SOON VILLAGER--
NOT SOON! THE SCULPTOR
DOESN'T HEAR YOUR WORDS--
HE IS, AT THE MOMENT...
VERY-- VERY BUSY!



AM I... LOSING MY MIND?

DO I NOT JUST FEEL SOMETHING **MOVE**? DEAR GOD-- CAN THERE BE **MORE** TO THESE GROTESQUE GARGOYLES THAN WERE **MAGIC**...

CAN THERE BE **LIFE**?



THE **SCULPTOR**... **LIFE**...

IN THE NAME OF THE **HOLY SAINTS**...

A **GROAN**... AND A **SHUDDER**! GREAT STONE WINGS **CREAK** AND **STRAIN** AT THEIR **JOINTS**. NECK VEINS **RENT** THEMSELVES AND **THWST** THE GREAT BLACK **HEAD** ABOUT IN **TORMENT**



CRASSSS!!!

THE WINGS **BREAK FREE** AND SLOWLY LIFT TO **SPREAD**-- THE HUNCHER FORM OF THE GARGOYLE LIFTS AND STRAIGHTENS TO AN **IMMENSE 7 FEET**.. GRAY EYES **ROLL** IN HAGGARD SOCKETS AND THE **NEW BOAN THING** MADLY FLAPS ITS WINGS... **ROCKING THE WALLS OF THE HUT**...

AND THEN IT **STRAINS AT THE MOUTH**... THE FACE **DISTORTS** AND **TWISTS** IN A **THOUSAND WAYS**... TO **SPEAK**... TO **CRY OUT**... BUT COMES **NOTHING**!



AND **OUTSIDE** THE FEARFUL VILLAGERS **HEAR**...



WHAT UNHOLY **RITE** GOES ON WITHIN THOSE **WALLS**...

PERHAPS **NOTHING** WE SHOULD **KNOW**...

WAIT... THE **RUMBLING**...

THE GROTESQUE GARGOYLE SHUDDERED AND FLAPPED AND **SHOOK** THE ROOM ABOUT SCULPTOR WILBUR KIMLAR... **BUT NO SOUND CAME**... IT SMELLED INSIDE... THE MONSTROUS BELLY **BLOATED** AND THE FACE **RIPPED ITSELF APART**... **BUT NO SOUND CAME!**



THE TWO GARGOYLES... NOT YET **ALIVE**... FEEL WITHIN THEM A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF **DISGUST**... DISGUST AT A PERVERSED **MONARCHY** WHOSE ORDERS WERE ATTENDED BY **BLACK GODS** BENEATH HUMAN DIGNITY...



NONE OF US KNOW WHAT **HAPPENED** WITHIN THIS DAMNED PLACE...

...AND THAT, BROTHERS... MAY BE A **BLESSING** INDEED!



THE ORDER WAS FOR 3 **MONKEY GARGOYLES**--ONE WHO **COULD NOT SEE**... ONE WHO **MIGHT HEAR NOTHING**... AND THE **ONE NOW IN RUIN** UPON THE DIRTY FLOOR OF AN OLD SCULPTOR'S HUT... THE **ONE** WHO COULD NOT **ISSUE A SOUND** FROM ITS MOUTH... **LEST IT BE GOOD!**



AND SO ENDS ?...

and
starts
2

THE IDIOT GARGOYLE!

THE TIME: 2092 IN HERITAGE COUNTY **GALACT ELEVEN**-- VICE CONSORT DENNIS MADGERY MAKES A STATEMENT ABOARD HIS SPACE PONTON-- **ZARATHUSTRA**...



FELLOW CITIZENS OF GALACT ELEVEN--DURING THIS INTER-GALACTIC **CELEBRATION** THIS YEAR WE ARE HONORING OUR **MOTHER, EARTH**... AND IS ANY BETTER WAY CAN WE DEMONSTRATE OUR **RESPECT** FOR THE OLD WORLD THAN BY **ILLUSTRATING** OUR PLANET WITH DYNAMIC AND GRAPHIC **MEMORIS** OF HER.

IN THE COUNTY OF HERITAGE THE CITIZENS HAPPILY WORK TOWARDS THE CELEBRATION... GATHERING RELICS AND ARTIFACTS FROM AN ERA ALMOST FORGOTTEN... BUT STILL CHERISHED IN THEIR HEARTS... THE ERA WHEN EARTH WAS ALL THAT WAS...



AND ABOVE CITY SQUARE.

WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?

I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW.

IT WAS FOUND IN THE MUSEUM... SOME SORT OF ARCHAIC THING OUR ANCESTORS MUST HAVE THOUGHT BEAUTIFUL...

...I WONDER WHAT IT MEANT THO?

IN THOSE DAYS NOT EVERYTHING HAD A MEANING...

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER THIS COUNTY CAN HOLD ON WITHOUT HELP... DEAR...

IF ONLY THERE WAS AN EXPLANATION.

IF MIDGERY DOESN'T GIVE US SOME SORT OF HELP SOON WE'RE LIABLE TO STARVE...



DADDY...

THE CELEBRATION THROUGH THE 9 GALAXIES OF FOUNDATION IS A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS... EXCEPT FOR HERITAGE COUNTY... WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE PLAGUED BY STRANGE DISEASES... PESTILENCE... FIRES...



WHAT DO YOU WANT NOW... CAN'T YOU SEE WE HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS IN THE WINDS...

BUT DADDY... I WANTED TO TELL YOU... THE THING-- THE BLACK THING IN THE SQUARE...



IS GONE!



OH FOR THE LOVE
OF KRUMMA...

...SO
WHAT?

YOU THOUGHT WHAT?
WHAT? THAT IT HAD SOME-
THING TO DO WITH OUR
PROBLEMS...

BUT
IT'S GONE...
I
THOUGHT...

...DON'T
BOTHER
US NOW...

SAVE YOUR
CHILDISH DRIVEL
FOR SOME
OTHER TIME...



AS WOULD
ANY CHILD SO
HARSHLY DEALT
WITH BY A
FATHER,
SUPPOSED TO
LOVE... A
MOTHER,
SUPPOSED TO
PROTECT...
THE CHILD
RUNS...

RUNS INTO THE NIGHT.
ACROSS FIELDS...
STREAMS... 'TILL SHE
IS CAKED WITH MUD
AND TEARS...

THEY
DON'T
LOVE
ME...

IF THEY
DID WHY
WOULD THEY TREAT
ME SO MEAN, WHY
WOULD THEY SCREAM
AT ME TO GO
AWAY?

WELL I WILL
GO AWAY
FOREVER...



'TILL SHE COMES INTO THE DARK,
BROODING FOREST WHERE TALL,
BAGGY STALKS REACH UP TO THE
TWIN LAPPING MOONS IN THE BLUE
MIDNIGHT SKY...

MY LEGS... CUT
FROM RUNNING THRU
THE GAUGH... SO TIRED...
MUST LIE DOWN AND
REST... MUST
REST...



AS LITTLE
VANESSA
SLEEPS A
BLACKTHING
COMES
CREEPING UP,
MAKING AS
LITTLE NOISE
AS IS POSSIBLE
FOR SOMETHING
MADE OF STONE!

WHEN SHE AWAKES IN THE MOON SHE FINDS HERSELF IN THE
SHADOW OF A SILENT, HIDEOUSLY HUNGRED GARGOYLE.
SCOURING AT HEATHEN GRAY PENETRATING SOCKETS
OF EYE...

...YOU...

...YOU'RE ALIVE...
I WONDERED WHY
YOU WERE GONE
FROM THE
SQUARE...

I LIKE YOU...
WILL YOU BE MY
FRIEND?

MY MOMMY
AND DADDY
DON'T LOVE
ME... THEY
CHASED ME
AWAY FROM
HOME...

AWWWWWWWW



THEN SHE
BECOMES LAMP
AND FALLS INTO
A CRUMPLED
HEAP...

THE GARGOYLE
GLANCES AND
STANDS VERY
STILL... THEN
MOVES SLOWLY
TOWARDS THE
CHILD AGAIN...
AND HOLDS
HER TILL SHE
IS WARM AND
COMFORTED...





HAHSSSSSSSS
ARRRRRRRRSSSS

WHY DO YOU
MAKE THAT SOUND...
DON'T YOU
LIKE ME?

... DON'T YOU
LIKE ME
EITHER?...



INSTEAD OF THE SOFT
PURR OF A KITTEN
THE MONSTER NOW
STANDS... RAISES
ITS HUGE WINGS...
AND TAKES TO FLIGHT...
HOVERING OVER
THE CHILD.



IT TEARS AT HER EYES... RIPPING...
CLAWING PITIFULLY... HORRIBLY...
UNTIL BLOOD POURS DOWN HER FACE
FROM HER HAIR AND HER EYES--
HER SCREAMS BECOME
FANATICAL... AND SHE IS COVERED
WITH GHOSTLY RED MUCK THAT
EVANESCES WITHOUT END...

...AND ALL THRU THAT
DAY AND THAT NIGHT
HE SITS HOLDING
HER... FEELING THE
WARMTH OF HER
TINY BODY AGAINST
HIS COLD STONE
CHEST. SOOTHING
HER... CALMING
HER...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN THEY FOUND
THEM MANY WERE STOMACHS TURNED OVER...

...OH MY
LIVING... SWEET
SOD WHAT
HAVE YOU
PERMITTED.



...A TRICKLE OF
BLOOD WAS
HARDENED ON THE
GARGOYLE'S CHEST
NEAR LITTLE
VANESSA'S FACE...
BLOOD THAT HAD
COME FROM HER
LAST BREATH...
A BREATH THAT
CAME WITH A GUY
OF SUFFOCATION
THAT HE COULD NOT
HEAR AND KNOW...
FOR THAT WAS
GARGOYLE... WAS
THE ONE WITH
NO EARS!

SO ENDS THE 2ND TALE.

...now
starts
the 3rd...

THE DARKNESS CARCOYLE...

THE TIME: ERA 21ST. MOTHER, EARTH.
PRINCIPAL FATHER-BLECK KAUFMANN
MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT IS
CARRIED IN OVER THREE HUNDRED AND
EIGHTY-FIVE MILLION NEWSPRINTS
THROUGHOUT A UNIVERSE...

GREAT HEAVENS --
YOU SEE WHAT DADDY
KAUFMANN
HAS ANNOUNCED?

A RENAISSANCE
OF THE ARTS...



DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS?
IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE THE MOTION
PICTURE INDUSTRY HAS BEEN
IMPORTANT TO ANYONE...
THIS CAN MEAN A NEW START
FOR US...

THE ONE GREAT MEDIUM
OF ALL TIME -- THE MOVIES --
GETTING THE ATTENTION
IT DESERVES...

AND SO EMMA-DOLCE STUDIO, FOR
YEARS SCRAMBLING AROUND ON ITS
KNEES FOR A FEW RUBLES...LAUNDRY,
WITH AMERICAN GOVERNMENT FUNDING THE
GREATEST SHOOTING SCHEDULE
OF THE CENTURY...

...STARRING THE GREATEST MOVIE QUEEN
OF THE CENTURY...NATALIE WORLD...
DID WE SAY THE CENTURY...NAY...THE
GREATEST OF ALL TIME...

THE SCRIPT CENTERS AROUND GLOBAL
GARTH DURING THE 19TH CENTURY...
A TIME WHEN THERE WERE POLITICAL
DIVISIONS AND MAN WAS A SUPER-
STITIOUS BUMKIN...

HEY THIS SHOULD
BE FANTASTIC...
LOOK AT IT...

SOME KADA WEIRD BIRD...
OR SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL...
WE CAN HAVE IT FLYING IN
AND OUT OF DOORWAYS...
REAL MOOD SETTER...



YOU SEE THE STONE BIRD NATALIE?

WE'VE ARTIFICIALLY ANIMATED
IT... FOUND IT IN AN OLD MUSEUM
OF SCOTS...

IN A FEW MINUTES IT'LL
SWOOP IN AND FLY
AROUND A LITTLE...
LOOK SCARED...

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN LOOK
SCARED?

I AM SCARED
THAT THING'S
HORRIBLE!

IT'S CRAFT...
EDGAR CRAFT...

WE CAUGHT HIM RED
HANDED... MURDERING
THE LEADING MAN...

WE'VE GOT HIM
TRAPPED IN THE
CASTLE SBT...

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN ON
THE SET... FIRES... ILLNESS...
THEN DEATH... BUT DEATH THE
HARD WAY... MURDER!

NATALIE...

SHE'LL NEVER
SPEAK, AGONY HARD-
SHE'S DEAD...
MURDERED...

MURDER...
BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

VIRTUALLY
IMPOSSIBLE...

I DUNNO WHAT WE'RE
GOING TO DO... FIRST MISS
WORLD... THEN COOT BIRMERSON
AND NOW NATALIE'S
REPLACEMENT...

MURDER HAS BEEN UN-
HEARD OF FOR CENTURIES
ALL CRIME... THERE ARE NO
MEANS TO INVESTIGATE... WE
HAVE NO ENFORCEMENT
AGENCIES...

AND SO EDGAR CRAFT, PROP
MAN, IS EASILY CAPTURED
AND ARRESTED FOR THE
CRIME OF MURDER...

...AND SO... MORE OR LESS
ENDS THE BIRD TALE FOR
THEIR IS ONLY THE TRIAL
TO FOLLOW...

...AND

THE TRIAL

IS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

YOUR HONOR--I
PRESENT THESE
DOCUMENTS--
THESE 3 CASE
HISTORIES OF
THE GARGOYLES--
THE MACABRE
ORIGIN...THE
EVENTS OF THE
FIRST TWO
CASES ALL GO TO
PROVE MY
INNOCENCE...

NOW SO?

...IT IS NOT
SO OBVIOUS
TO THE
COURT!

THE GARGOYLES WERE CREATED EVIL--
BY PRINCE FRIEDRICH-- ONE WITH
NO EARS... ONE WITH NO MOUTH--
ONE WITH NO EYES... LIKE MONKEYS--
THE BRIMIOUS MONKEYS THAT CAN
SEE, HEAR OR SPEAK... LEST WHAT
THEY DESER BE EVIL!

THE GARGOYLES WERE
PROTECTED FROM GOOD!

NOW THE GARGOYLE--
THE LAST ONE-- WHO
CONTROLLED ME-- TOOK
OVER MY MIND--
FORCED ME TO
MURDER...

...HE HAD
TO--

...HE WAS THE ONE
WHO COULD NOT SEE--
HE NEEDED MY EYES
TO SEE... TO MURDER...
TO COMMIT HIS
FOUL EVILS...

"ABSURD RUBBISH... THIS
COURT DOES NOT ACCEPT THAT
KIND OF TRIBE S.B. YOU ARE
GUILTY... JUSTICE MUST BE
HAD... AND LEST YOU CONTRA-
MINE OUR SOCIETY THAT IS
FREE FROM CRIMES... LIKE
MURDER... YOU ARE SENTENCED
TO... DEATH!

AND MY JUDGEMENT
HAVE MERCY ON YOUR
POOR SOUL..."



THE DARKNESS
GARGOYLE IS
UN-ANIMATED--
PLACED AGAIN IN
ITS MUSEUM--
RETURNED TO
ITS BLACK
QUIET CRYPT...

...AND IN THE
DUST... A
SIGHTLESS BEAST
FLAPS BRITTLE
STONE WINGS--
AND GRASPS A
GROWN OF DEEP
SATISFACTION--
FOR NOW HE HAS
COMPLETED
HIS TASK...



WITHIN THE BLACK MOODING SILENCE--THE
DARKNESS GARGOYLE GRINS... FOR LIKE HIM--
JUSTICE HAS BEEN BLIND...

IT'S THAT KIND OF A NIGHT... GILLY... WHEN THE BLACK SPIES OPEN AND BUMP TO A RENTS OF WATER UPON US AS WE MADE THROUGH THE FLOODED SIDE- STREETS ON OUR WAY HOME... AND EVERY NOW AND THEN WE SHUDDER BECAUSE THE SPY LIGHTS-UP WITH A WHITE BOLT OF LIGHTNING...



...A DEMON ON TWO LEGS... WHO CLAMBERS THE SHEER WALL LIKE AN AGILE CAT... FOR THAT IS INDEED HER NAME -- THE "WHITE CAT" -- RATHER IRONIC, AS YOU SHALL SOON SEE... AS SHE REACHES A WINDOW NOT PROPERLY LATCHED AND FLICKS OPEN THE LOCK...



...LIGHTING THE CORNERS AND CRACKS OF FORGOTTEN ALLEYS AND GOSSETTONED SIDE STREETS! ON SUCH A STREET IS A MUSEUM... WHICH EVEN NOW THE LIGHTNING THREATENS TO ATTACK... EVEN AS IT IS BEING THREATENED BY ANOTHER KIND OF NIGHT-DEMON...



...TO START OUR TALE OF...



THE NIGHT IN THE WAX MUSEUM

...MADE IT!

ONE OF THE FINEST WAX MUSEUMS IN NORTH AMERICA... AND PRIME PICKINGS FOR...

...THE WHITE CAT!



PRIME PICKINGS... ARE... FOR THIS ICE-NERVED WOMAN WITH THE BLACK, PROBING EYES IS A THIEF... ONE OF THE BEST... IN SEARCH OF FORBIDDEN TREASURE... AND SHE HAS COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

BUT EVEN FOR SUCH AN UNUSUAL THIEF... WE ARE ABOUT TO SERVE WITNESS TO AN UNUSUAL THEFT...

ALTHOUGH THESE WAX TREASURES ARE WELL GUARDED, THEY ARE NOT GUARDED WELL ENOUGH FOR THE WHITE CAT...

...THE OWNER AND CREATOR OF THESE PRICELESS FIGURES THINKS ENOUGH OF THEM TO HAVE THEM UNDER LOCK AND KEY...

...BUT EVIDENTLY HIS PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ENTRY ARE LIMITED... IT IS HARDLY LIKELY THERE ARE TOO MANY THIEVES INTERESTED IN MARCABRE VALUABLES SUCH AS THESE!

THESE FIGURES ARE THE WORK OF GENIUS... I WANT MY OWN PARTICULAR FAVORITES FOR MY OWN GALLERY...

...GENIUS...

...THE MASTERY IN THE FACES... THE TONES... THE TEXTURE OF THE SKIN... SO LIFE-LIKE...

ONLY WHEN I TOUCH THE COLD SURFACE CAN I FULLY ADMIT THEY AREN'T REAL... BUT ONLY WAX...

DEAD WAX!

A REPLICAS... AN IMITATION... ONLY... THO THIS BITTER AXE BE REAL... THO THE CLOTHES REAK OF SPILLED BLOOD...

...THE EXECUTIONER IS ONLY A REPLICAS... THE AXE FROM SOME FORGOTTEN DUNGEON... THE CLOTHES STAINED FOR THE EFFECT OF REALISM WITH THE BLOOD OF A COMMON RODENT!

WHO COULD... NO FENCE IN THE WORLD WOULD TOUCH 'EM WITH A FIVE BUCK BILL!

...BUT TO ME... AH... TO ME A SAMPLING FROM THIS COLLECTION IS WORTH THE WORLD...

...EVEN IF IT NOT BE FOR MONETARY PROFIT!

EEEEEEAAAAA!!!

THUD!



...OH!... IT WAS MY OWN FAULT... MUST'VE BRUSHED AGAINST THE PEDESTAL... SET IT OFF BALANCE... WAKA FRIGHT IT GAVE ME... GOTTA BE MORE CAREFUL...

...THINK I'LL THROW ON THE LIGHTS... NOBODY'LL NOTICE, AND IF THEY DO THEY'LL JUST THINK IT'S THE OLD MAN WORKING LATE...



...THAT'S BETTER...

WOW! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT SCENE GIRL... BEAUTIFUL...

...THE GUILLOTINE... LOPPING OFF THE HEAD OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN... GUILTY ONLY OF BEING BORN THE WRONG TIME IN THE WRONG COUNTRY...

...BUT THE MASTERY OF THE WORK...



...THE OLD MAN IS A GENIUS...

NO WONDER THEY CALL HIM ECCENTRIC... NEVER SHOWS HIS FACE TO THE WORLD... KEEPS HIMSELF HIDDEN AWAY WHILE HE JUST CREATES AND CREATES...

...WOW! I ENVI-NEE HOW SOMEONE CAN CREATE FROM HERE WAKA A FIGURE IS SAD AS THE MUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME...



...HITLER'S DEATH ESCENE...

NO ONE REALLY KNOWS EXACTLY HOW HITLER DIED...

WHETHER BY POISON -- OR BY HAVING ANOTHER MAN SHOOT HIS FLURRY THEN BURN HIS BODY... OR BY SUICIDE AS SHOWN HERE...

SOMEHOW THIS LOOKS THE MORE PLAUSIBLE OR ALL EXPLANATIONS... HAVING THE PATHETIC MADMAN PUTTING A GUN TO HIS OWN HEAD TO BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT...

MMMM! WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT ROOM OVER THERE? LOOKS LIKE A WORKROOM... MAYBE SOME OF THE OLD MAN'S WORKS IN PROGRESS...

PRIVATE



GOOD GOD...THE WAX
DUMMY CAME ALIVE...
BECAME REAL... ONLY TO
FALL VICTIM AS THE REAL
CLEOPATRA DID 2
THOUSAND YEARS AGO...

...THIS IS MAD...INSANE...
IT CAN'T BE REALLY
HAPPENING...

THE ASP IS
CLIMBING MY LEG...
I CAN FEEL ITS
UNCLEAN TONGUE
LAPPING AT MY
FLESH...



...GOT TO
RUN... GET AWAY
FROM THIS
INSANITY...



OOOOUUUUUUFFF
EEAAAH

THE FIGURE OF DR.
JYKEL... COMING
ALIVE LIKE THE WAX
IMAGE OF CLEOPATRA...



DO NOT FEAR...
MY CHILD... I WILL
NOT HARM YOU...
I WANT ONLY TO HELP...
...AND AS DR. JYKEL
I AM PREPARED TO
DO JUST THAT...



...BUT AS MY ALTER
EGO MR. NYDE MY
GOAL IS A SHADE
MORE **SELFISH**...



MY GOD... YOU'RE
INSANE... THIS IS INSANE...
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE...

...THE WAY YOU TALK...
LIVE OUT OF A
CHILDREN'S
STORY BOOK...

...AM I
GOING
MAD?

A STORY
BOOK? INSULT
ME IF YOU WILL
CHILD...

BUT KNOW THAT
NYDE IS NOT ONE
TO BE SO
SCORNFULLY
TREATED AS A
CHILDREN'S
BOOK!



...NO...

...GOT
TO
RUN...

EVER SEEN A THIEF RUN? MOST THIEVES HAVE PRACTICED
ATHLETICS LONG AND HARD HOURS--IN ANTICIPATION OF THE
FAMWARD MOMENT WHEN THEY'LL NEED
LIMBS THAT IMMEDIATELY RESPOND TO
MENTAL COMMAND...FOR THE
WHITE CAT--NEVER HAVE HER
REFLEXES BEEN SO THOROUGHLY
PUT TO THE TEST... BUT EVEN SO...
SHE EASILY OUTDISTANCES THE
MUNCHIED, DEFORMED
HYDE...



SLAMMING THE
DOOR MIGHT NOT
HOLD HIM LONG...

...NOT WITH
MIS
STRENGTH.

...BUT MYRE
JUST LONG
ENOUGH!

GOOD
LORD!

...ALL THE SETS ARE
COMING ALIVE...
COMING AT ME!

THERE'S NO
ESCAPE... I'M
TRAPPED... CAUGHT
IN SOME
MACABRE
WEB...

...A WEB
SET BY A
GENIUS.





...YOU!

AH... ME,
WHITE CAT... YOU'VE
GUESSED MY SECRET
HAVE YOU?

HOLD HER DOWN MY FRIENDS...
HOLD HER STILL... I HAVE A LITTLE
SOMETHING GIVEN ME BY GOOD DR.
JEKILL TO INJECT INTO HER VEINS...

...TO
MAKE HER
SLEEP...

AF, NOW SHE SLEEPS
CALMLY... PEACEFULLY...
NEVER WILL SHE POSE A
THREAT TO ME
AGAIN...

... THE EXCITEMENT IS OVER FOR
THE NIGHT MY FRIENDS... NOW YOU MAY
RETURN TO
YOUR PLACES...

A MITE BAPFLED BY THE INCONGRUITIES IN THESE LAST FEW SCENES? **
WELL... MAD HUMOR THAT IT IS... WE WILL TRY TO UNDERSTAND OURSELVES
AND EXPLAIN...

...NOW THE RAIN HAS ENDED WITH THE COMING OF THE MORNING -- THE CROWDS COME TO LAUGH AND ADMIRE AND SOMETIMES RARELY TO CRITICISE THE OLD MAN'S WORK...



...THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER... JACK THE RIPPER... THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM... PERHAPS THEY DON'T NOTICE THE NEW ADDITION TO THIS OBSCURE CONGREGATION OF BLAIRIE WAX FIGURES...

...PERHAPS THEY DON'T SEE...

THE NEW SET FOR THE FAMOUS DR. JEKYLL MR. HYDE ENIGMA... THERE HAS BEEN AN ADDITION HERE SOMEHOW... **THE EYES GIVE IT AWAY...** THE SAD, MOURNFUL-ONCE ICE-BLACK EYES OF THE VICTIM BESECHING SOMEONE TO LOOK CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE THAT SHE'S ALIVE... A THIEF WITH AN INSANE PRISON...

...AND THE EYES OF THE EVER CHANGING JEKYLL-MODE... MOMENTARILY KINDLY... THEN CRUEL... CUTTING... BUT ALWAYS SMILING... FOR BEHIND THOSE OLD SMILING EYES A MAN OF GENIUS CUCKLES AT HIS OWN MACABRE HUMOR... HIS MAD TRAP... HIS MECHANICAL, ROBOT WAX FIGURES WHO DO HIS BIDDING...



...AND THE IRONY OF IT ALL... FOR THE HIS WAX FIGURES IN THIS MUSEUM OF DEATH SHOW A KIND OF LIFE... THE ONE FIGURE IN THE OLD MAN'S CRYPT OF MIRTH WHO REALLY IS ALIVE... WILL BE FROZEN-STILL FOREVER...

DEEP WITHIN HOLLYWOOD'S **FILM VAULTS**
DWELLS THE ORIGINAL PRINT OF THE
CLASSIC HORROR FILM!

DRACULA

PRODUCED IN **1931** THE FILM BROUGHT TO LIFE THE
LURKING PATHOLOGICAL TERROR--BASED ON THE
FAMOUS **NOVEL** BY **BRAM STOKER** FIRST PRINTED
IN THE YEAR **1897!**

IT INTRODUCED A RELATIVELY UNKNOWN ACTOR--**BELA LUGOSI**--
MAKING HIM A STAR VIRTUALLY **OVERNIGHT!** LUGOSI AS THE
EUROPEAN BLOOD FIEND WAS **INCOMPARABLE--DYNAMIC--REAL--**

BELOW--BY ARTIST **PABLO MARCOS**, A **SCENE** FROM
THE ORIGINAL BELA LUGOSI DRACULA...





ART BY BOB AND AMALOR

KILL... CRY THE HUNTERS...
-- KILL 'IM, CRY THE MEN WITH THE
CANNONS AND DYNAMITE NERVES...
KILL!



THESE ARE THE PROFESSIONALS...
-- THE PROFESSIONAL VULTURES
WHO STALK THE SWAMPS IN SEARCH
OF BLOOD MONEY!



NO, THAT WOULDN'T DO... -- THE CREEPS WHO
DROP A HUNDRED BILLS ON ALLIGATOR-HIDES!
DON'T WANT HOLES IN THEIR SHOES!
... AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...



SOMETIME EVEN NOW IN CERTAIN SWAMPLANDS TO
OUR SOUTH MEN WOMEN LIKE THIS HUNT AND KILL --
SOME ARE 'SPORTSMEN' -- OTHERS ARE 'PROFESSIONALS'
LIKE THESE MEN... WHO ARE ABOUT TO BECOME TORN FROM
WITHIN BY HISTORY'S MOST CLASSIC AMATEUR KILLER-
SPORTSMAN...

THE WEREWOLF WITHIN





HE'S DEAD!

YOU'RE KIDDIN' AN'T YOU BRUTE? YOU REALLY THINK HE'S DEAD... NAH?

...YOU DEAD-HEAD... WE FILLED HIM WITH ENOUGH LEAD TO ...

KNOCK IT OFF CIRCLE...

...EVERYBODY AN'T GOT THE BIG BRAIN YOU GOT, CWOON... LET'S DRAG THIS CARCASS BACK TO CAMP... THE DAYS GETTIN' LATE...



HE'S GOTTA BE WORTH QUITE A BIT... HUH MOLLIS? ...THEY GOTTA PAY A LOT FOR ONE THIS BIG!

I GUESS SO... ...EVER SINCE THEY MADE ALLIGATOR HUNTING ILLEGAL A FEW YEARS AGO ANYTHING IS WORTH MONEY... ...THIS ONE'S GONNA BRING IN A LOT... MUST BE AT LEAST 20 FEET LONG... THAT'S AS BIG AS THEY COME...



HOLY JUDAS... LOOKIT THAT!

WHAT IS IT DOING OUT HERE?

BEATS ME... LIKE SOMETHIN' BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR... AN OLD SOUTHERN MANSION...

BUT WHAT'S IT DOIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF A SWAMP?

NAHSE NOTHIN' RIGHT NOW... ...LOOKS LIKE IT AN'T BEEN LIVED IN FER YEARS!

YEN... LIKE ABOUT A HUNDRED!



NOT MUCH LEFT OF THE ROOF!

ENOUGH OF IT... IF I'N IT RAINS... THIS'S GOTTA BE BETTER THAN LYIN' IN A TENT ANYDAY...

HEY BRUTE... WHY DON'T YA GO BACK TO THE CAMPGITE AN' PICK IT ALL UP...

DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO 'CILLE... ...JUST 'CAUSE YOU THINK I'M STUPID...



KNOCK IT OFF YOU TWO... I DUNNO WHY YOU CAN'T SIT ALONG LIKE ANYONE ELSE...

SHE'S ALWAYS SHOOTIN' OFF HER MOUTH AT ME... SOME DAY I'M GONNA SWASH IN FER HER...

THIS TIME SHE'S RIGHT BRUTE... IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO STAY HERE... WHY DON'T YOU AN' TIBOR GO FOR THE TENTS AND...

I DON'T NEED NO HELP... I'LL DO IT MYSELF...



OH MY GOD...

...CAN THIS BEAST EXIST OR AM I STILL HAVIN' A NIGHTMARE...

...BUT HOW?...

IT'S THE HOUSE I TELL YA... IT'S THIS WEIRD HOUSE...

HOUSES DON'T RIP OUT THROATS SO... AN ANIMAL DID THIS...

BY GOD... CECILE... HER THROAT'S BEEN RIPPED OUT...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT WALLACE?

...AN ANIMAL LIKE BRUTE!

HE AIN'T HERE... MAYBE HE FIGURED THIS'D BE A GOOD EXCUSE TO GET RID OF CECILE...

...HE SAID HE'S SWAMP IN HER MOUTH!

BUT NOT HER THROAT...

...IT WASN'T BRUTE... IT WAS THIS HOUSE I TELL YOU...



WHAT THE HELL'S THAT NOISE? ...IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...

IT'S THE DOG HOWLS... LOOK AT HIM... ...HOWLING HIS DEAD OFF...

WHAT'S THE MATTER MUTT? WHAT'S BOTHERIN' YOU?



IT'S THIS HOUSE IS WHAT'S BOTHERIN' HIM...

...HEY... WHERE'S BRUTE? AIN'T HE BACK YET?

I GUESS HE FIGURED ON STAYIN' THE NIGHT... CAMP WAS QUITE A WAYS AWAY...

...GIT OVER HERE... FAST!

...OR SOMETHIN' LIKE AN ANIMAL...



...HEY... I'M BACK...

WHERE YOU BEEN? YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR GIRL FRIEND CECILE...



SHE WASN'T NO FRIEND OF MINE... BRUTE...

DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'... STAYED IN SWAMP OVERNIGHT... WHEN I GOT LOST COME DARKFALL...

LIKE HELL... YOU MURDERED HER...





A WHAT?

WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN' TO SAY TIBOR...

I COME FROM THE OLD COUNTRY... I HAVE SEEN SUCH THINGS... SUCH HAPPENINGS... AS THIS BEFORE...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT A WEREWOLF IS?



...IT'S A STORY TO FOOL CHILLIN' IS WHAT IT IS...

MAYBE IT WAS SO... MAYBE IT WAS THE HOUSE DID STRANGE THINGS TO US...

...MADE US FIGHT AMONGST OURSELVES... WE NEVER DID THAT BEFORE... MADE US KILL...

EVEN MUTT IS LIFELESS... COVERING IN A CORNER... DID YOU SEE HIM THIS MORNING...

NO SIR... IT IS NO JOKE...

...IT WERE THE HOUSE...

...UNLESS YOU THINK CECILLE'S THROAT IS FUNNY...

MUTT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH A WEREWOLF!

EVERYTHING THAT GETS THROAT AND RIPPED OUT BY A THINKING RATIONAL BEAST... LOOK AT IT... WHAT ANIMAL DO YOU KNOW THAT WOULDN'T LEAVE A SCAR...



THEN IT WAS BRUTE... TURNIN' INTO A WERE WOLF COME RIGHT...

...BECAUSE OF THE HOUSE!

MAYBE... AND PERHAPS IT WAS WALLACE... BUT I DOUBT IT... WALLACE WAS TOO YOUNG... DIDN'T HAVE A HAIR ON HIS BODY... AND AS FOR BRUTE... WELL, I NEVER HEARD OF A STUPID WEREWOLF... LET ALONE A REPAKED ONE!

THEN IT WAS ONE OF US!



IT'S NOT ME... AND I'M LEAVING IN THE MORNING...

CAN'T HUNT WITH ONLY 3 MEN ANYWAY...

...AND I'M NOT SLEEPING A WINK TONIGHT...

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES...

I'M NOT NEITHER TIBOR...

WELL, I KNOW IT AIN'T ME...

I GOTTA MIND TO KILL BOTH OF YOU RIGHT NOW!



IT WEREN'T ME... I AIN'T NO WEREWOLF...

WHY NOT? YOU'RE THE MOST LIKELY CANDIDATE... HAH! ALL OVER YOUR BODY...

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HERE EVEN BELIEVES IN WEREWOLVES... YOU CAME FROM THE OLD COUNTRY... IT'S GOTTA BE YOU...



YOU AIN'T GOTTA WIND BO!

DON'T START ON ME HOUSE...

I'LL KILL YA JUST LIKE BRUTE WOULD...

BOTH OF YOU... KNOCK IT OFF... THIS HOUSE...

...THIS WEIRD HOUSE DOES HAVE SOME STRANGE PROPERTY... WHAT IS IT? I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW... OR CARE...

...BUT COME TOMORROW MORNING WHEN THE SWAMP BOAT COMES I'M KEEPING MY EYES WIDE OPEN...





...HOLLIS... MY GOD... I KNEW IT...
IT HAD TO BE... HOLLIS WAS RIGHT...
I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO EVEN
KNEW WHAT A WEREWOLF WAS...
... I WAS THE ONLY ONE
WHO BELIEVED... THOSE STRANGE
FEELINGS... THIS HOUSE... ACTING
ON MY SUBCONSCIOUS... I KNEW IT
WAS ME... I COULDN'T TELL THEM...
OH MY GOD...
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME...
I FEEL SO STRANGE... CAN
FEEL THE HAIR
STARTING TO
GROW ON MY
BACK!



... BUT IT ISN'T
MAINE...
... IT'S A HAND...
MY GOD'S IT'S



RRRRRAAAARRR RRRRAAAARRRAAAA

THE
DOG!



THIS BIZARRE PALACE AFFECTS EVERYBODY EVERY WHICH WAY... BRINGING OUT THE WORST IN MAN AND
BEAST... AND SINCE MAN'S BEST FRIEND IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN THIS GHOCKER BARREL BUCKET KNOWN AS
DARKKOS MANSION... AYE... THAT IS ITS NAME...
... YOU WILL MEET HIM AGAIN IN ANOTHER TIME WHEN WE RETURN TO THIS DECREPID CRYPT TO SEEK A
REASON FOR ITS MAD EXISTENCE... BUT REMEMBER... WHEN NEXT WE RETURN... FOR WHATEVER
CAUSE... THERE IS ALREADY... A WEREWOLF WITHIN...

WHAT IS THE MACABRE STORY ABOUT
HARRY FRANKLIN? THIS IS A SCARY
ACTUALLY COME INTO A BARGE BOAT
THE EXPLANATION IS NOT SIMPLE--IT
IS A BARGE BOAT INTERIOR--FOLLOW
WITH US HERE... AND KNOW THE IN-
CREDIBLE ANSWER...



WAS
IS YOUR
BOAT?

I BEAR THE
PROBATION OF A
MAN BY A PERSON...
I MUST REMEMBER IN THE
MACABRE NIGHT FOR TO
BE DISTURBED--I MUST
WAY TO BE IN A BARGE...
DEATH IS THE
PAINFUL... AND I SHALL
FOREVER FORGIVE TO
BE YOUR BARGE!

**LURKING WITHIN THE
NEXT HORROR PACKAGE
FROM SKYWALK HOUSE
THESE MACABRE MEANDERINGS
AWAIT TO TAUNT YOUR
BRAIN AND BLOW YOUR
MIND... THESE ARE THE
TALES OF**

**MOENCH
FEDORY
FUJITAKE
HEWETSON**

**... THE MASTER STORY-
TELLERS... THE MEN WHO
LIVE TO CREATE THE MAD-EMOTIONAL**

HORROR MOOD!



SOME DECIDE TO TAKE HIS TIME,
GIVEN THE ONLY WAY TO HIS
HOME... BUT EVEN SO HE IS PAID
TOO DISTANT AND FADING THE
WRONG WAY TO SEE THE DEVIL
HIDEING BEHIND THE WIFE
HANGING THE BURNING LAMP
OF BATH... AND THE EXTENSION
OF A GUNSHOTS FLOWING AND
GRASPING A PITCHED
SHAFT OF DOOR.

... ON THE SUBVERSITY AND
POSSIBLE LUNGE OF MATHS
BAND... HANDED HAND MATHS
NUMBER UPWARD IN A GUNNING
BALL OF SHIT... AND A BANG WHICH
IS MUCH TOO MACABRE TO
BE THE WAY TO THE FIRST
HAND...

...COME LIVE WITH US...
...COME INTO OUR MINDS...
...COME AND ENJOY BEASTS
AND ARCHAIC ABOMINATIONS
WROUGHT TO TEASE YOU
AND PLEASE YOU...

-COMING SOON-

-NOSFERATU-

**-HIT AND RUN...MISS
AND DIE-**

-THE FUNERAL BARGE-

**-AND THE BINKARD
EMOTION-EVOKER IN
THE NEXT PSYCHO...**

**-THE
SLITHER-SLIME
MAN-**



PERHAPS only SATAN knows what unknown forces pulled at me, clutched at my mind, dragged me into that black cobblestoned alley against my will... but WHATEVER... I did not enter that crypt of things unnameable of my OWN accord... something GLINTED in a corner of that alleyway... something obscure that at once seemed to writhe and conspire and torment me... something horribly leaping the black blood of a long dead rodent... something I should have IGNORED...

THE THING IN THE ALLEY

Any of you who need to tell me by a NAME will be disappointed... for I will not give it; my family has suffered enough from my own misery, and I will not have them dragged through the official mires of an investigation which would be sure to follow were I to publish my name... no, let the tale be told only because it HAS to be...

The night was late in August... I was taking in the night air as was my custom, before retiring, to clear the dust of the day — to give my LUNGS a chance to BREATHE! It was my habit to take a certain route every night, for on the way was a small curiosity shop which every day seemed to change its window display... and on this night I studied a peculiar and archaic inkwell that must have given some writer much use, for it was wonderfully soiled and stained, and although the shop owner had obviously taken lengths to attempt to restore it, it was quite apparent it was BEYOND restoration, for a crack in the glass ink-holder suggested it would never again contain any manner of liquid worth reporting.

As I studied the curiosity I was suddenly bound-up by an odd shuffling, scraping sound nearby, although it was really more of a hollow, haunting, dragging sound, as of something greatly disordered betraying its own movements. I turned, and to my utter astonishment found a little black alley running directly parallel to the edge of the shop. I was utterly astonished... for it was the first occasion — even after long months of traversing this neighborhood, by this very shopfront, that I had even noticed the alleyway...

I was disturbed by my find... my nerves involuntarily twitched and jerked as they rummaged about within me searching for support... and I felt to my knees, scraping them as they hit the pavement — to the horrid extent that they actually started to bleed! The wretched sound from the alley thrashed louder, I could hear the guttural moaning of the thing within... tottering gleefully in a form and manner no man would ever call his own...

And yet I was drawn, inexorably DRAWN to that unholy gateway to peer in at the thing... to see what hateful manner of thing Satan can spawn. I looked into that darkness, my eyes shot red from the tears that welled out, at first I could see only a faint movement... and then I saw something that choked my heart...

The thing had no color... it was clear... shiny almost, in its weird grotesquery. It was a number of feet tall, yet it seemed to creep about on the cobblestones rather than stand. It had two legs, emaciated and gaunt in a bearded disguise of fithness...

Then it saw ME — it turned in an appalling charade of surprise and looked at me through two things in its forehead that might be called eyes... tiny, globular bells of black that quivered within dark matted holes and shimmered... SHIMMERED... as if they had some God-wrought RIGHT! I turned away from that scene of unholy terror and RAN as fast as my still-bleeding legs might carry me...

It still haunts me in dreams — black nightmares that taunt and ridicule me... I see it in its colorless horror — hunched and twisting on its two foul legs... its two black tiny eyes piercing into mine... oh, I shudder... I pull the blankets up over my mind and wonder of its dark origin and reason of hideous macabre openings into other-worlds where perhaps the THING now gathers with friends somewhere else and tells them of the sad, mad, thing IT saw... Mel But it can never know the mocking merriment of our meetings... aye, IRONY that I have to endure the rest of my life! For I was so injured as I fell to my knees that night that now I TOD am left with only two legs with which to crawl about... my other three leg-limbs were amputated just days after that awful night... now I feel as though a freak as that abomination — for what kind of men on God's great earth has five perfectly good arm-limbs, and only two legs?

